

# BRITTAIN'S

Written by that Renowned Poët, Ednord Spancar.

LONDON:

Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to be fold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Brittaines Burse. 1628.







## TO THE RIGHT Noble Lady. MARY,

Daughter to the most Illustrious Prince Grorge, Duke of Buckingham.

OST NOBLE LADY:

I have presumed to present this little Poëm to your Honourable hand, encouraged onely by the worth of

afforced by the ablest, and most knowing men, that it must be a Worke of Spencers, of whom it were pitty that any thing should

## व्यक्षात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक

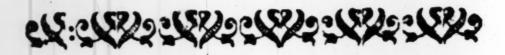
## The Epistle.

should bee lost) and doubting not but your Lady-ship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it, is a true Honourer and Observer of.

your Selfe, and your Princely
Family, and shall ever remaine

The humblest of your denoted Servants.

Thomas Walkley.



## लक्षा स्थान स्थान स्थान

Martial.

Accipe facundi culicem studiose Maronis, Ne nugis positis, arma virumque



Canas

E here that stately Muse, that erst conld raise,

In lasting numbers great Elizaes

praise, And dresse faire Vertue in so rich attire,

That even her Foes were forced to admire.

And

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## लक्षाः तरकात्रकात्रकात्रकात्रकात्रका

And court her Heavenly beauty, sheethat taught

The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought

More vertuous then before, is pleased here,

To slacke her serious flight, and feed your eare

With loues delight some toyes; doe not refuse

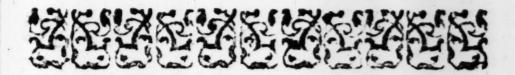
These humlesse sports; iis learned Sponcer's
Muse;

But thinke his loofest Poëms worthier then

The sersous follies of vnskillfull men.

BRITTAIN'S

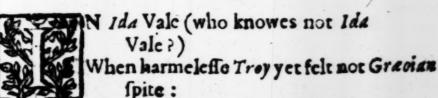
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### The Argument. Cant. r.

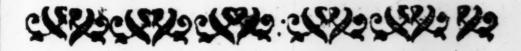
The youthly Shepheards wonning here; and Peauties rare displayed appeare: What exergise hee chiefe affects, His Name, and scornesalt love neglects.

I



A hundred Shepheards woon'd, and in the Dale,
While their faire Flockes the three leau'd Pastures bite:
The Shepheards boyes, with hundred sportings light,
Gaue winges vnto the times to speedy hast:
Ab foolish Lads, that stroug with lauish wast,
So fast to spend the time, that spends your time as fast.

Among



## क्षा महाज्यात्रक त्या व्याप्त स्थान

### Brittain's Ida.

2

Among the rest that all the rest excel'd,
A dainty Boy there wonn'd, whose harmelesse yeares,
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld;
His Nimph-like face ne're felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his cheeke appeares:
His louely limbes (but loue he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded.)
And sit loue to reward, and with loue be rewarded.

3

High was his fore-head, arch't with filuer mould,
(Where neuer anger churlish rinkle dighted)
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
To play among their wanton curles delighted.
His imiling eyes with simple truth were flor'd:
Ah! how thould truth in those thiese eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand loues had stol'n, and neuer one restor'd.
His

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## न्यक्षात्रकः त्यकः त्यक्षात्रक

## Brittain's Ida.

4

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an Iuory plaine,
More purely white than frozen Apenine:
Where louely bashfulnessee id sweetely raine,
In blushing scarler cloth'd, and purple sine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,
(Still cold it selfe) instam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seeme, in divers tire,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing sre.

5

His cheerefull lookes, and merry face would proone,

(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)

A dainty play-fellow for naked loue;

Of all the other parts enough is fed,

That they were fit twins for to fayre a head:

Thousand boyes for him, thousand maide ns dy'de,

Dye they that lift, for such his rigorous pride,

He thousand boyes (ah soole) and thousand maids deni'd.

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6

His ioy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte)
Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite;
But through the plaine to chace the nimble Hart,
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certaine dart,
The tusked Boare, or sauage Beare to wound;
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound,
Ah soole to seeke so farre what neerer might be found!

His name (well knowne vnto those Woody shades, Where vnrewarded louers oft complaine them)

Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades,
And mountaines he ard Anchises had disdain'd them;
Not all their loue one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rockey hills, with echoing noyle consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
(Harder then rocky hils) laught at their vaine lamenting.
THE

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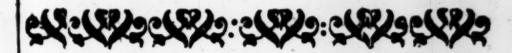
## The Argument. Cant. 2.

Diones Garden of delight,
With wonder holds Anchises sight;
While from the Bower such Musique sounds,
As all his senses neere confounds.

1

Ne day it chanc't as hee the Deere persude,
Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,

Paire Venus grove not farre away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweating limbes display:
There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee praised their kinde imB 3



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Brittair, s Jda.

2

The Woode with paphian mirrles peopled.

(Whose springing youth felt neuer Winters spiting)

To laurely sweete were sweetely married,

Doubling their pleasing smels in their vniting,

When single much, much more when mixt delighting:

No soote of beast durst touch this hallowed place,

And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,

Entred with seare, but soone turn'd back his frighted face.

3

The thicke-lockt bowes shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
(For Ve sue hated his all blabbing light,
Since her knowne fault which oft she wisht vndone)
And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull fight,
Like to the first of day, or last of night:
The sittest light for Louers gentle play;
Such light best shewes the wandring louers way,
And guides his erring hand: Night is loues holly-day.

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4

So farre in this sweete Labyrinth he stray'd,
That now he viewes the Garden of delight;
Whose breast, with thousand painted slowers array'd,
With divers ioy captiv'd his wandring sight;
But soone the eyes rendred the eares their right:
For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
That all his senses slockt into his eare,
And enery faculty wisht to be seated there.

From a close Bower this dainty Musique flow'd,
A Bower appareld round with divers Roses
Bothted and white; which by their liveries show'd
Their Mistris faire, that there her seite reposes:
Seem'd that would strive with those rare Musique clozes,
By spreading their faire botomes to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight;
That, raps the melted eare; this, both the suel & sight.
B A The

# Brittain s fda.

6

The Boy 'twixt searcfull hope, and wishing searc,
Crept all a long (for much he long'd to see
The Bower, much more the guest so lodged there)
And as he goes, he markes how well ag co
Nature and arte in discord vnity:

Each triving who should best performe his pare

Each striuing who should best performe his part, Yet arte now helping nature; nature arte: While from his eares a voyce thus stole his heart.

7

Fond men, whose wretched care the life soone ending.

Ey striuing to increase your joy, do spend it;

And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending:

You hart your life by striuing to amend it,

And seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:

Than while sit time affords thee time and leasure,

Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweet pleasure:

Too toolish is the man that starues to feed his treasure:

Los

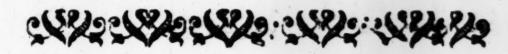
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8

Loue is lifes end (an end but neuer ending)
All ioyes, all sweetes, all happinesse awarding:
Loue is life wealth (nere spent, but euer spending)
More rich, by giving, taking by discarding:
Loue's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding,
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remoone;
Ah should thou live but once loves sweetes to proove,
Thou wilt not love to live, ynlesse thou live to love.

9

To this sweete voyce, a dainty musique sitted
It's well-tun'd strings; and to her notes consorted:
And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittied,
The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
That now the Boy, beyond his soule transported,
Through all his limbes seeles run a pleasant shaking,
And twixt a hope & seare suspects mistaking, (waking:
And doubts he sleeping dreames, & broad awake seares
THE



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### The Argument. Cant. 3.

Faire Cythareas limbes beheld, The straying Lads beart so inthras d: That in a Trance his melted spright, Leaues th'sences slumbring in delight.

I

Ow to the Bower hee sent his theeuish eyes,
To steale a happy sight; there doe they finde

Faire Venue, that within halfe naked lyes;
And straight amaz'd (to glorious beauty thin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde:
But full of seare, and superstitious awe,
Could not return, or backe their beames with-draw,
So fixt on, too much seeing made they nothing saw.

Her

दर्भः दर्भाः दर्भाः दर्भाः दर्भाः

2

Her goodly length, stretch't on a Lilly-bed;
(A bright soyle of a beauty farre more bright,)
Few Roses round about were scattered,
As if the Lillies learn t to blush for spite,
To see a skinne much more then Lilly-white:
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more blessed,
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

3

Her spacious fore-head like the clearest Moone,
Whose suil-growne Orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide roome to beauties Regiment,
Which on the plaine with love tryumphing went:
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which with their dainty threds oft times enlaced,
Made the cie think the pearle was there in gold inchased.
Her

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4

Her full large eye, in ietry-blacke array'd,
Prou'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her felfe in blacke more rich display'd;
Both contraries did yet themselues vnite,
To make one beauty in different delight:
A thousand loues sate playing in each eye,
And smiling mirth kissing faire courtese,
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

5

The whitest white set by her silver cheeke,
Grew pale and wan like vnto heavy lead:
The freshest Purple fresher dyes must seeke,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On these Cupio winged armies led,
Of little loves, that with bold wanton traine
Vnder those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

Her



6

Her lips, most happy each in others kisses,
From their so wisht imbracements seldome parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
But when sweete words their joyning sweet disparted,
To th'eare a dainty musique they imparted:
Vpon them sitly sate delightfull smiling,
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling:
Ah that such shew's of joyes should be all joyes exiling?

7

The breath came flowly thence, vnwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge, but when she once intended,
To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended;
And at each word a kundred loves attended,
Playing ith breath, more sweete then is that firing,
Where that Arabian onely bird expiring, (spiring,
Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh re-

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## ल्यः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः

Brittain's Ida.

8

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchased,
Seem'd a taire is well wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face graced.
This goodly frame on her round necke did stand,
Such pellar, well such curious worke sustain'd;
And on his top the heavenly spheare vp rearing,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A lesse but better Atlas, that faire heaven bearing.

9 2

Lower two breafts stand all their beauties bearing,
Two breafts as smooth and soft; but ah alas!
Their smoothest softness farre exceedes comparing:
More smooth and soft; but naught that ever was,
Where they are first descrues the second place:
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other;
And whe thou first trist one & the the other, (smoother.
Each sotter seemes then each, & each then each seemes
Lowly



#### IO

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres,
(Their hemisphæres the heau'nly Globes excelling.)
A path, more white then is the name it beares,
The lacteal path, conducts to the sweet dwelling,
Where best delight all loyes sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh loyes attending;
Receive in giving, and still love dispending,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

#### II

But stay bold shepheard, here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much vnto thy now-borne quill,
As farther to those damty limbes to stray;
Or hope to paint that vale, or beautious hill,
Which past the finest hand and choycest skill:
But were thy Verse and Song as finely fram'd,
As are those parts, yet should it some be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is assam'd.
That



#### 12

Thus farre his Vensus fitly portrayed;
But there he left, nor farther ere as ir'd:
His Dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By arte, felt arte by nature limitted.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

#### 13

Such when this gentle boy her closly view'd,
Onely with thinnest alken vaile o'er-layd,
Whole snowy colour much more snowy shew'd,
By being next that skin; and allbetray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are aray'd:
His spirits melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their worke to see so splendent light,
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in delight.
THE

दर्भातिक दर्

## क्षान्त्रकारकारकारकारकारकारका

## Brittain's Ida:

## The Argument, Cant. 4.

The swonding Swaine recoursed is By th' Goddesse; his soule rapting blisse: There mutuall conference, and how Her service she doth him allow.

I

Oft-sleeping Venus waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking Boy espies,

With all the starts, and wondereth withall,

She thinkes that there her faire Adonis dyes,

And more the thinkes the more the Boy the eyes:

So stepping neerer, vp begins to reare him;

And now with love himselfe the will confer him,

And now, before her love himselfe the will preferre him:

C

## क्षा अस्तराः त्यक्षः त्यक्षा

Brittain's Ida.

The Lad soone with that dainty touch reuiu'd, Feeling himfelfe fowell, fo fweetly feated, Begins to doubt whether he yet here liu'd, Or else his flitting soule to heau'n translated, Was there in starry throne, and blisse instared: Oft would he dye, fo to be often faued; And now with happy wish he closly craued, For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingraved.

The Paphian Princesse (in whose louely break, Spirefull disdaine could neuer find a place) When now the faw him from his fit releast, (To luno leaving wrath, and scolding base) Comforts the trembling Boy with smiling grace, But oh! those smiles (too full of sweete delight) Surfeit his heart, full of the former fight; So feeking to reviue, more wounds his feeble sprice. Tell



4

Tell me faire Boy (sayd she) what erring chance,
Hither directed thy vnwary pace:
For sure contempt, or pride durst not advance
Their soule aspect, in thy so pleasant sace:
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering sire,
Or hindred by ill chance in thy defire:
Tell me, what ift thy faire and wishing eyes require?

5

The Boy (whose sence was never yet acquainted With) such a musique) Rood with eares are ded;
And sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred straines long time expected,
Till seeing she his speeches not reacted,
First sighes arising from his hearts low center,
Thus gan reply; when each word bold would venter,
And strive the first, that dainty labyrinth to enter,
C a

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# Brittains Jda.

6

Faire Cyprian Queene (for well that heauenly face)
Prooues thee the mother of all conquering loue)
Pardon I pray thee my vnweeting pace,
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither mooue
My daring feete, to this thy hely Groue;
But lucklesse chance (which if you not gaine say,
I still must rue) hath cause me here to stray,
And lose my selfe (alas) in losing of my way.

7

Nor did I come to right my wronged fire,
Neuer till now I saw what ought be loued,
And now I see, but neuer dare aspire
To mooue my hope, where yet my loue is mooned;
Whence though I would, I would it not remooned:
Onely fince I have plac't my loue so high,
Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt deny,
Grant me yet still to loue, though in my loue to dye.

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8

But shee that in his eyes Loues face had seene,
And slaming heart, did not such suite distaine,
(For cruelty sits not sweete beauties Queene)
But gently could his passion entertaine,
Though she loues Princesse, he a lowly Swaine:
First of his bold intrusion she acquites him;
Then to her service (happy Boy) admits him;
And like another love, with Bow and quiver sits him.

And now withall the lones he grew acquainted,
And Cupids selfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged louers righted,
Forcing to loue, that most his loue despited.
And now the practique Boy did so approone him,
And with such grace and cunning arte did moone him,
That all the pritty loues, and all the Graces loue him.

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### The Argument. Cant. 5.

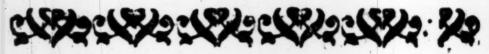
The Louers sad despairing plaints, Bright Venus with his love acquaints; Sweetly importun'd he doth shew, From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I

Et neuer durst his faint and coward heart, (Ah foole! faint heart faire Lady ne're could win)

Affaile faire Venus with his new-learnt arte,
But kept his love, and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he preft it in:
And thinking oft, how suft shee might distaine him;
While some coole mirtle shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would be sit, & sadly would he plain him.

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2

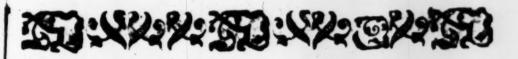
Ah fond, and hapleffe Boy! nor know I whether,
More fond, or hapleffe more, that all so high
Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together,
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy selfe dare wish a remedy.
All hindrances (alas) conspire to let it;
Ah fond, and hapleffe Boy! if canst not get it,
In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

3

Ahlfarre too fond, but much more haplesse Swaine!
Seeing thy loue can be forgotten neuer.
Serue and observe thy loue with willing paine;
And though in vaine thy loue thou doe perseuer,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.
No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring:

C 4

Thus



## इस्राव्यक्तः व्यक्तः व्यक्तः व्यक्त

### Brittain's Ida.

4

Thus oft the hopelesse Boy complaying lyes;
But she that well could guesse his sad lamenting,
(Who can concease love from loves mothers eyes?)
Did not disdaine to give his love contenting:
Cruell the soule, that seedes on soules tormenting:
Nor did she scorne him though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne,
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

5

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance!
While loues were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance;
And Cupsds selfe with Shepheards boyes consorting,
Laught at their pritty sport, and simple courting:
Faire Venus seates the searefull Boy close by her,
Where neuer phabus sealous lookes might eye her,
And bids the Boy his Mistris, and her name descry her.
Long

....



6

Long time the youth bound vp in silence stood,
While hope and seare with hundred thoughts begun,
Fit Prolegue to his speech; and searefull blood
From heart and face, with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he's made, or now vndone:
At length his trembling words, with seare made weake,
Began his too long silence thus to breake, (speake,
While from his humble eies sirst reverence seem'd to

Faire Queene of Loue, my life thou maist command,
Too slender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand;
But never dare I speake her name and face;
My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace:
And, for I know if I her name relate,
I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
Vnlesse thou sweare by stix I purchase not her hate.

Faire

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8

Faire Venus well perceiu'd his subeile shift,
And swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd:
While thus the Boy persu'd his former drift:
No tongue was ever yet so sweetely skil'd,
Nor greatest Orator so highly stil'd;
Though helpt withall the choisest artes direction,
But when he durst describe her heav'ns persection,
By his impersect praise, dispraised his impersection.

9

Her forme is as her selfe, perfect Calestriall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces:
Beyond compare; such nothing is terrestriall;
More sweete then thought or pow'rfull wish embraces,
The map of heaven; the summe of all the Graces.
But if you wish more truely limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting speech, or words can well descry her,
Look in a glasse, a there more perfect you may spy her.
THE

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### The Argument. Cant. 6.

The Boyes hort wish, ber larger grant, That doth bis soule with blisse enchant: Whereof impatient uttering all, Inraged love contrines his thrall.

I

Hy crafty arte (reply'd the smiling
Queene)
Hath well my chiding, and not rage
prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke, that yet 'twas never scene,
That angry rage, and gentle love consented:
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
For by the selfe same vow, I here anow thee,
What ever thou require, I frankly will allow thee.

Pardon

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2

Pardon (replies the Boy) for so affecting,
Beyond mortallity; and not discarding,
Thy service was much more than my expecting;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needes heape vp reward vpon rewarding;
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual fixing,
One kisse is all my love, and prides aspiring,
And after starue my heart, for my too much desiring.

3

Fond Boy! (fayd she) too fond that askt no more;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving, spends not our increasing store:
Thus with a kisse, his lips she sweetly pressed;
Most blessed kisse; but hope more than most blessed,
The Boy did thinke heaven sell while thus he ioy'd;
And while ioy he so greedily enioy'd,
He selt not halse his ioy by being over-ioy'd.

Why

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## लक्षान्य । त्यानिक ।

## Brittain's Ida.

4

Why fight faire Boy? (fayd she) dost thou repent thee
Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?
Well may I sigh (sayd he) and well lament me,
That neuer such a debt may hope to pay:
A kisse (sayd she) a kisse will backe repay:
Wilt thou (reply'd the Boy too much delighted)
Content thee, with such pay to be requited?
She grants; & he his lips, heart, soule, to payment cited:

5

Looke as a Ward, long from his Lands detain'd,
And subject to his Guardians cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd,
So he; yet though in laying out his store,
He doubly takes; yet sindes himselfe grow poore:
With that, he markes, and tels her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before: (more.
Fond Boy! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows the

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6

At length, whether these fauours so had fir'd him, With kindly heare, inflaming his desiring;
Or whether those sweete killes had inspir'd him;
Hee thinkes that some thing wants for his requiring;
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring:
But yet though that hee knoweth, so she gaue,
That he presents himselfe her bounden slaue;
Stil his more wishing face seem'd some what else to crave.

7

And boldned with successe and many graces,
His hand, chain'd vp in feare, he now releast:
And asking leaue, courag'd with her imbraces;
Againe it prison'd in her tender breast;
An blesse prison! prisners too much bless!
There with those sisters long time doth he play;
And now full boldly enters loues high way;
While downe the pleasant vale, his creeping hand doth
She

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8

She not displeased with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse;
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes what ever blisse,
Elder love raught, and he before did misse:
That moult with ioy, in such vntri'd ioyes trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

9

Long thus he liu'd, flumbring in sweete delight,
Free from sad care, and fickle worlds annoy;
Bathing in liquid ioyes his melted sprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah foolish Boy!)
Too proud, and to impatient of his ioy,
To woods, and heau'n, and earth his blisse imparted;
That some upon him downe his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendent sace, and all his beauty swarted.
Such

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#### IO

Such be his chance, that to his love doth wrong,
Vnworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue?
Light loyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th'hearts low center doth imbrace:
Might I enloy my love till I vnfoldit,
I'de lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love, that is not fit to hold it.

FIN IS.

CAM: CAME CAME CAME: NO

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